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THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published on the 15th day of each month from October to June inclusive, by the Senior Class of *Princeton University*. Its aim is to provide the proper outlet for the literary efforts of the undergraduates, and thus to encourage the full, symmetrical development of the student body in Belles-Lettres. For this purpose contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all students. They are due on the first of each month and must be accompanied by the full name of the author. If rejected, they will be returned, with a careful criticism.

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NO. 5

Autumn Song

Somewhere beyond the hills
Someone is calling ;
Soft by the Autumn rills
Bright leaves are falling.

Woodlands are all ablaze
Red, gold, and yellow ;
Birds call across the maize
Each to his fellow.

Restless feet tap the floor
Eager for speeding
Eyes seek the open door
Listless, unheeding;

Love I may bide no more ;
Lost days requiting,
Wonderland spread its store
Dim and inviting.

Summer-tide's glow is lost,
Wide windy spaces
Thrill with the coming frost ;
Lure of strange place.

Rings in the swaying pine,
Noon-tide and gloaming
Setting this heart of mine
Once more aroaming

K. S. Goodman

The Yellow Ace

THOSE who have tried it, claim that for the man who would learn to interpret life with his pen, there is no school like the metropolitan daily; and so John Hutton had found it. Two years on the staff of the "Trumpet" had not done much for his purse,—but it had given him a sure grip on the life that flowed around him in a stream that was sometimes crystalline, but at others, foul with great stench. At first indeed, it had seemed always so,—but when from much looking he at last learned to see, he perceived that the sediment was settling,—while the flood flowed on, limpidly whirling toward eternity. He saw what it meant, and wrote it down; and periodicals and publishers pronounced it good, and printed the things he saw. Even the wary book reviewer was won, and said that it was Literature. But the steady filling of his coffers did not console him. He wanted something he could not get. He wanted creative genius. To him the story of action, with the bristling plot that gives it vitality, often times even when technical skill is lacking in the writer,—to him, this was the unattainable goal to which he had no nearer approach than when in his school days he had dreamed many dreams. He could take any of the thousand happenings in the life around him, and raise it from the trite to the terribly significant. He could interpret for those who have eyes and see not, and having ears, hear not. In a word, he could translate what was written for him to read, but he could not produce. He would sit for hours in fruitless travail, and wonder why, as he put it, he couldn't "think of something"—but straightway the memory of some striking plot lately read, would thrust itself upon his mind, and in the grip of the borrowed thought he would be helpless. It was involuntary plagiarism, and his fine sense of literary honor rebelled.

There was one tale in particular that had this trick of thrusting its unwelcome presence before him. He had read it some five years before,—and though it was no more than an ordinarily good story of action, and of a kind that he would generally have forgotten as soon as read, it clung to his memory in spite of him. He worried over it oftentimes in whimsical irritation at his “private bit of mania” as he termed it, and finally decided that the only thing that could well account for it was the unusual title of the story. It was called “The Yellow Ace.”

Hutton had always particularly detested that color, anyway; and the atrocious idea conveyed by the incongruous and vaguely suggestive qualities of the whole gaudy title, jarred on his sensibilities like a discord from his piano.

It chanced one day, while rummaging in a pile of cast-off magazines and novels that had collected on his hands from year to year, he found a copy of the well remembered story; and with a rueful smile, rescued it from the dust and re-read it. After that the ghastly title and yet more ghastly contents haunted him afresh, sometimes even appearing in his dreams.

Two Sundays later, Hutton happened to be looking at the story page of the “Trumpet,” and turned to some illustrations which had caught his eye,—and from these he turned to the title with a start of surprise—there in large spread-head, stood unmistakably, “The Yellow Ace.” He at once noted however, that the writer’s name was another,—and began reading with eager curiosity. But it was no coincidence. The words were often identical, and the plot was followed out so exactly that there was no doubt as to the real source of the production. An hour later found him in close conference with his Sunday Editor; and shortly, with the typewritten manuscript in his hand, he was bound for the address given under the name of the alleged writer, which had been audaciously placed at the top of the first page.

His destination proved to be a modest suburban home. He waited for sometime in a cosily furnished library, and had opportunity to note the evidences of refinement on every side, when the door opened. He sprang to his feet with an exclamation of surprise, as a stout, good-natured looking man came hastily forward with out-stretched hand.

"Well — well! — This is a pleasant surprise. Sit down, Hutton — sit down!"

Hutton sat down, — but he was the most sorely perplexed man in the Borough of Manhattan.

"Why — I've been sent to look for a man by the name of Mowbry; but I had no idea it was you. I didn't notice the initials, and I never did learn where you lived, you know.

"Oh it's I all right," laughed the other. "By the way! I called at your rooms the other day, and you were out. Left my card with the Janitor. Did he tell you?"

"No," said Hutton, "I suppose he forgot it."

With growing embarrassment, he was beginning to realize the full delicacy of the situation; but at length, wishing to have it over, he plunged into the heart of the matter.

"Mowbry," he said, speaking rapidly, "I'm here on a pretty delicate mission — one I'd have hesitated to accept if I had known it was with you. To be frank, you are accused of plagiarizing."

Mowbry's look was one of utter, silent astonishment, — and as he did not answer to the pause at the end of Hutton's statement, the reporter went on, "The story appeared five years ago in the 'Stylus,' almost word for word with the version you sent us." He paused once more, and Mowbry's eyes began to snap.

"My dear and esteemed friend," he finally began sarcastically, "are you unwell, or is it possible that the equally esteemed editors of your paper are allowed to run at large?" An angry flush came to Hutton's face. "In the first place,"

continued Mowbry, "please explain what on earth you're talking about,—and in the second place, take a note of the fact that I never wrote a story in my life."

Hutton handed him the manuscript, with his name at top, and pointed to it in silence. "What the deuce—"ex-gan Mowbry—and then started to read.

"I see," he said at last; and quietly taking out a slip of paper, showed his signature. There was not the remotest resemblance. "Your mistake was natural enough," he said, "but I did not write it, and I never had the least ambition to write anyhow. Some one has done it to get me into trouble—and I'd like to know who."

Hutton leaned back thoughtfully. He was thinking hard. "I believe you," he said at last. Mowbry shook his hand gratefully. "It would have been mighty awkward for me if you hadn't," he said,—and the two men looked at each other gravely.

Mowbry studied the signature closely for a moment. "By Jove, it was a mean trick," he cried angrily. "I'd have been in a nice fix if they'd sent someone besides you, now, wouldn't I!" he went on with gathering fury. You look him up and give me a chance at him."

Hutton nodded sympathetically as he arose. "I must hurry along now, but I'll do all I can. It was scurvy trick. I'll explain to the Editor, so you'll have no more trouble on that score." Shaking hands heartily the two men parted, and Hutton hurried to catch the car.

"Catch him for me," Mowbry shouted angrily after Hutton. "I'll have a horse-whip ready." He turned and re-entered the house.

Aside from straightening out the matter with the "Stylus," however, Hutton found that there was nothing else to be done. No clue presented itself, and for a time at least, it became necessary to let the matter drop.

But three days later the Editor called to him sharply.

"Look at this, will you!" he said, for once startled out of himself. "It came with the last mail."

It was "The Yellow Ace," and it proved almost identical in wording with the other manuscript, with the single difference that it bore no signature.

Hutton gave a low whistle of surprise. But the act seemed so utterly without a purpose that a half hour's discussion with the Editor left them more in the dark than before. He contented himself with telephoning to Mowbry, of whose innocence he was now entirely convinced.

Through the weeks that followed more and yet more copies of the highly colored tale were received. All were typewritten, and unsigned. Long since the matter had become a topic for discussion throughout the staff; but it was at last decided that it was nothing more than a very flaccid, would-be joke. Hutton, however, was not so convinced.

"Jackson," he said one evening a few weeks later, to the janitor of the flat where he kept bachelor hall, "have you seen anyone enter my room, or heard my typewriter going when I have been away?"

"No sir," said the man in a tone of surprise.

"I wanted to know," went on Hutton, "because I've several times found the ribbon half wound up after I had newly set the shift. Someone's been using it. Keep watch after this," he finished, resetting the ribbon.

The rest of the evening he speculated a great deal on the mysterious story, and its possible source. Only the day before, another copy had been received, making the sixth in a fortnight; and apparently all were sent with no object in view,—unless indeed that could be said of the first, which had borne Mowbry's name.

One thing that worried Hutton was the tale itself. Wild fancies flitted through his brain of the mysterious warnings of which the story told. They had come to certain persons,

and soon these had come to an end so mysterious, so terrible, that he shuddered at the thought. Some had met death by stabbing, and others by strangulation. With others it was accidental so far as appearances went; but always it was preceded by a warning in the form of a more or less circumstantial account of the deaths of those who had met their end before, in like manner. The idea took hold on his imagination. Surely the fact that all these manuscripts had come addressed to one man pointed to some terrible truth hidden behind this guise of fiction; and who did not know that Green, the Sunday editor, had aroused more enemies by the many independent exposures he had made of the condition of things in certain parts of the Italian quarters, than any one man in New York! And he felt that Green was not unaware of the possible significance of the fact that the manuscript had always come addressed to him personally.

Tired from his day's work, he at last went to bed; and still drowsily puzzling over the problem, fell asleep.

Next morning he returned from breakfast after half an hour's absence from his room, to write some business letters before going down town; and glancing carelessly at the ribbon of the typewriter, he was surprised and not a little startled to note that it was again half wound onto the other spool.

"Jackson," he roared. That worthy was sweeping the hall, and come hastily to the door.

"Jackson, have you been in that hall all the time I was at breakfast?"

"Yessir,—sweeping," said the man.

"And in sight of my door?"

"Yessir."

"Did anyone come in or go out during that time?"

"Not through that door," said Jackson positively.

Hutton went to the window and looked out. "Hum.

No fire escape, and five stories high," he muttered. "Well Jackson, he must have gone through the other door — only the funny part is" — trying it — "that it is locked. He must have had a key. I set this ribbon last night, and haven't been out of the room except for breakfast. Now look at it. But what on earth did the fool want? He hasn't touched a thing but the typewriter; and what did the bally idiot want with that? You say you didn't hear him, and he seems to have a pass key."

Jackson looked, and then cast a fearful glance over his shoulders. "They do say, sir," he said in confidential whisper, coming close to Hutton, "that there was a man murdered in this room. I—I think I'd better go now sir — my sweeping" — the frightened man gave a startled leap as a passing draft caused the door to squeak, and hurriedly scuttled from the room.

Hutton was not given to vain fears of that sort,—but for the life of him he could not stop the cringing chill that traveled slowly the length of the spine. True, he had got no warnings, but — he turned and took in every nook and corner of the room with the seeing eyes that had made him the "Trumpet's" star reporter. Apparently all was as he had left it.

Finally, with an impatient shrug of his shoulders, he dropped his letters into the mail box in the hall, and hurried off to his work.

He was making for his desk when a fellow reporter hurried up to him. "Have you heard?" he asked, "Green was found nearly dead on the street last night, down in that damn Italian quarter. Purse and watch gone."

He rushed off, leaving Hutton leaning heavily against the desk.

Roberts, a veteran reporter, was at the injured man's desk; and when Hutton came up to demand further information, he saw him open a long envelope, and examine the contents. The two nodded a greeting.

"Here's another contribution from our friend of the Mafia, or K. K. K., or whatever his brotherhood may be," remarked Robert coolly.

Just then the City Editor called, and Hutton was soon after the News — for time and the Press wait for no man.

Hutton did not sleep well that night; and after tossing and tumbling from one side to the other, he finally slipped uneasily into Dreamland.

His dreams assumed many forms, as they mistily merged one into the other, till at last he found himself sliding down a long carpeted incline, at the bottom of which there were innumerable rows of tacks, all upright, with their points driven into the wood far enough to keep them into position. And they were not ordinary tacks. In the first place, as they were all obligingly in their places, all he had to do was to drive them in; and with each stroke of the hammer he held in his hand, a tack sunk in the soft wood, clear to the head. In other respects too, they were very peculiar tacks. The heads were unusually large, and each of them bore in its center, a bright yellow spot. And of these spots, some were in the shape of a heart, while others resembled a spade; and some there were that shaped themselves into clubs and diamonds. And as he pounded away with a renewed energy engendered by the sight of the hated color, which glared at him from the tack heads as from so many venomous eyes, the steady tap, tap, tap, of his hammer became more and more monotonous and far off, like the distant ticking of a clock — only not so regular. But there was one thing that distressed him greatly. He soon noticed that whenever he drove a tack home, immediately it's whole length sprang into sight again,—and this happened whenever he struck it. Harder and harder he pounded—hopelessly, and with the helpless agony of dreams; for he felt that if he could not make the tacks stay in place, some fearful thing would happen. But finally his efforts began to have

some reward, at least,—for the detested yellow was slowly disappearing,—and in place of the gaudy figures, appeared one by one, in three orderly rows, the letters of the alphabet. Long he contemplated, then in uncurious stupidity—till at last he became dimly aware that he was sitting at his desk, before his typewriter, on the keys of which, his fingers yet rested,—while the moon shone through the unshaded windows.

He sprang to his feet, fairly gasping with surprise, and turned on the electric light.

Before him was a neatly laid pile of typewritten pages.

"Jackson," said Hutton to the janitor next morning, "Did a man by the name of Mowbry call here for me a few weeks ago?"

Jackson looked at him with startled eyes. "Why—why—yessir—that is sir—I'm awful sorry, but I forgot."

"Forgot what?"

"Why a man called here one day and asked for you. He left his card, and I lost it; but I remembered the name and address, and put it down on a piece of paper I found on your desk. I forgot to tell you. I'm awful sorry, sir."

"Oh!" said Hutton, "never mind."

But he never told anyone except the Sunday Editor.

J. Wainwright Evans.

Hope

Up from the valleys dark and deep
Arise the mists and fumes of strife;
But on the peaks where breezes sleep,
I hear her song of peace, of life.

Henry Emil Joy.

Man and Maid

THE sky was very blue, that day in late April, the grass very soft, the blossoms very sweet. Altogether, if you were an ordinary, care-free mortal, you would have deemed the world most fair to look upon, and most good to live in. But the young man, though straight and strong and fair as youth could wish, lay idling and grieving in the royal gardens, and seemed to take small delight in the wealth and beauty lavished on him. Though birds poured out free-throated song and apple-blossoms showered fragrance over him, he gazed far away, dark eyes clouding, and idled and grieved.

"Oh, good my lord!" gurgled a soft, delicious voice from above, directly above him. "May I not comfort you?" Nay, nay!" in quick dismay, as he struggled in bewilderment to gaze up into the tree over him. "But one moment, *please*, good sir, and I'll be with you. There!" a flutter of skirts through the air, and she stood before him rosy, breathing deep.

He looked up at her with open-eyed admiration. "A peasant girl," he murmured, "but fair as an angel"—and truly she looked it. A womanly, rounded figure, very straight, simply gowned in some clinging cloth of white; a wealth of thick, chestnut hair, burnished gold in the sunshine; soft, crimson lips that laughed adorably; level, dancing brown eyes, marvelously deep and clear, which looked you through and through and saw every weakness and falseness and sin in you—all this he noted and sighed again.

And the girl? "Well, he's certainly handsome enough," she thought. And he certainly was; broad shouldered, narrow-waisted, his body cut in clean, graceful lines, his face clear-skinned, clean-cut. "But his face might be stronger"—for his chin was far too handsome to be square and strong,

and his clear eyes seemed glad that it was too handsome. "Yet a man whom a woman might inspire by her love to be a *man*," she thought; "yes, a man whom any woman would worship." And the girl sighed, unconsciously, at her thoughts.

Then, hearing his dolorous sigh, she broke out in delicious laughter again.

"So sad still, sir?" she rebuked. "Then confide your vast troubles to one, poor, happy maiden."

"Have I not good cause to be sad?" he mourned. "You, my child, with your godly, care-free life, may well be happy. But I—I am married."

She clasped her hands together, gleefully.

"Ah, my lord, 'tis explained. Fair cause for grief in any man."

"You were at the royal wedding in the palace this afternoon?" he asked.

Startled, she looked up quickly, breath indrawn sharply, her hand pressed on her heart, while into her wide eyes swept terror, then comprehension, then an unholy joy. And the color flooded back into her face.

"Where the king was wedded by proxy?" she said slowly, "and the queen close-veiled? Why, yes, kind sir, I was there."

"Ay, close-veiled," he said bitterly, "so that the king, poor devil, does not know, at this moment, whether he has married an angel or a witch. And God knows, it's apt to be the witch," he grimaced.

Then his eyes caught hers again, swept over her plump, brown arms, bare to the elbow, the free, full lines of her body, and deepened again with weariness and grief.

"Oh, why," he asked her, with a sudden, sharp note of revolt, "why must prince ever marry princess, king marry queen? Why cannot man marry maid, if she be princess or

if she be peasant girl? Must the prince be *always* a puppet, *never* a man?"

He was looking full into her eyes, now, quite gravely, while she looked back, unsteadily, with tender, sweet eyes brimming with tears, and her hand crept to her heart again.

Then, head flung back suddenly, black eyes flashing, "Had today been yesterday," he swore hotly, "another queen would now be reigning by the side of the king.

He was still looking at her, but so pitifully and so bravely, that suddenly the tears brimmed over, and she sank to the ground, weeping as if her heart would break for the pity of it.

The young man was in dire dismay.

"Lady!" he stammered, and awkwardly strove to comfort her; "you—you should not," and found himself suddenly smothered in white, warm tears falling on his face like summer rain, warm lips whispering soft words of tender sympathy into his ear.

He sprang from her, breathlessly, and stood before her, very white and tall and straight.

"Girl!" he said gravely, "I am the King."

She was upon her knees before him, fair and pure as a saint, hands clasped above her breast, and she looked up at him rosily, pleadingly.

"Your pardon, sire! You'll forgive me, lord, this once—*won't* you?"

He nodded in grave silence, eyes grown deep and sad. Then,

"Before you go," he asked her, "will you not tell me your name?" He smiled mournfully. "Surely you owe me that. Who are you?"

She stood up swiftly, then, and smiled divinely through her tears.

"I?" she breathed, "why *I* am the Queen."

Thomas J. Durell.

The Princess

HE had always dreamed of meeting a Princess some day. A real Princess with golden curls and big, blue eyes, just as they all had in the books he had read. And he knew exactly what he would do when he saw her. He would ask her if she wanted to play with his little toy steam engine that chugged away as if it would fly to pieces in its anxiety to seem like the great, big, real engines of the grown-ups. But for fear she wouldn't care for such things, he would let her have the Colonel of his paper soldier army, for girls were all crazy about blue coats and brass buttons anyway. Or else he would offer to build her a palace with his stone blocks and they would be married and live in it together forever. So he used to sit and dream, weaving fancy after fancy, never thinking but what he would some day meet his Princess and that she would be only too eager for him to amuse her.

He was lying on the ground under the gnarled old apple tree in the soft, long grass, chubby legs kicked up above him. His toys were scattered around: a little tin sword, a drum, and Howard Pyle's Robin Hood, opened at the adventure of Little John on the narrow bridge. The apple-tree seemed to regard this as a familiar sight, and swayed its lowest branches to and fro, patiently waiting the little boy's pleasure to play with him. It was a wise old tree and permitted its limbs to be made into masts and bowsprit at will, or rode its playmate on horse-back, or served as a house or library, as its little master decreed. But when the sun went down and the tree was deserted, save, perhaps, for a forgotten toy, it would strike its branches together and moan and sigh, or whisper a comforting thought to its lonely companion lying there on the ground. And sometimes it would entangle the toy soldier in its leaves and away they would gallop for hours until the sun arose and the little boy came out again.

Now the tree gave a queer little rustle and the boy stirred. He heard cooing, silvery laughter and sitting up saw a tiny tot standing beside him and looking down into his face, a black-haired rag doll held negligently by one arm, her own hair a yellow tangle, her eyes a bonny blue, and a merry little roguish dimple in either cheek.

"'Oo funny boy," she lisped.

He started up at this insult to his manhood.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Me? Me is P'incess Golden—"

Was she trying to say "Princess?"

Pretty Flowers! Here was his Princess at last. But he was not to be caught napping by any mere girl. He knew their ways, he would find out.

"You a Princess?" he inquired, half in derision and half ready to believe her.

"'Oo doesn't have to call me P'incess, my name is Dorofy."

This made him all the surer that she was of royal blood, this regal condescension, and he resolved to take her on faith and treat her as such. With a funny little bow in which he almost lost his balance he asked her if she would play with him. She was only too glad and he told her all about his games, how he played mail-coach and shot the wild Indians. How the apple tree was his goodly craft in which he sailed the Spanish Main in search of pirates. How the pear-tree over there, was a fearful old ogre who ate little children alive, and how he walked a whole lot out of his way when everything began to get dark, in order to escape its clutches. She listened eagerly, open-mouthed and open-eyed, her dimples coming and going, but when a breeze stirred the trees in the orchard, she looked fearfully at the pear-tree and drew closer to the little boy.

"Don't be afraid," he said gallantly, "I'll protect you."

So they played all the long summer afternoon, until

nurse came and took her away by the hole in the fence through which she had climbed. And the little boy told his mother about his Princess and asked if he might play with her again.

After that they often played together, venturesome, manly games that he invented, and quiet, cozy games she knew. And they grew taller and taller but still they played together, and ever he bore in his mind the idea that she was a Princess and he would sometimes call her so in fun. And then as they grew older he came to have lots of little boy friends and there came a time when they thought it shame to play with a girl; but he would steal away from them, away to the old orchard and call to her through the fence, and she would come and play with him the same old games, and she was always the Princess. And once in a while she would give herself little haughty airs and demand his homage, and he would swear to be her own true knight and beg from her a ribbon of blue, the badge of her blue eyes.

And so time went on until one day the little boy was to go away from his old home, perhaps for many years, perhaps forever, and he might never see her again. For his father was going across the sea to be an ambassador at some foreign court, and he must of course take his little boy with him. Not that he was any longer a "little" boy, but a tall slender youth and the girl was a slim and stately maiden, with big blue eyes still, and a flaxen braid down either shoulder. Before he went away he saw her and told her he would come again some day and marry her. Still the tears came to her eyes and he told her not to cry, that a Princess never cried, and he would ever be her true knight. So then she dried her tears and said good-bye.

During the year that followed, the little boy so far away from home, grew up into a big strong man and worked and studied and laughed and played, but ever in his heart he

was true to his blue-eyed Princess and looked forward to the day when he would return to her and together they would build the palace he had promised so long ago. But one day he received a letter bearing a familiar postmark and opening it he read of the death of his little playmate, of the quiet peaceful life she had led, and of how in that same peace and quiet she had silently glided away. And her last prayer had been that her knight would remain faithful to his vow and be ever good and true.

Years had passed but at last he had come back again, and the first thing he did was to go to the old orchard and fling his arms around the dear old apple tree. Then he tip-toed over to the fence and looked across to see if his Princess were waiting for him. And it seemed as if he must hear her rippling, lightsome laughter, and watch again her pretty dimples come and go. He called her, but there was no answer and he went back and lay down under the apple-tree, just as he used to long ago. And as he lay there the old tree fanned his cheeks, shaking its aged limbs gleefully, for was not its dear little playmate home again? And yet there was a touch of mourning in the tree's caress, for it had been used to two playmates in those latter days, and one was missing. The boy seemed to know that the tree understood and he lay there with a great lump in his throat.

At length it began to grow darker and the branches drooped closer about the boy's head. They were silent a moment and all at once swayed up as if conscious of something stirring beneath, something unexpected, and the old tree rocked back and forth in silent joyful mirth. A peaceful smile spread over the face of the man lying there on the ground and he saw in his dream, a blue eyed girl, standing beside him, her golden hair wound up in a shining coil about her head, and just the ghost of a merry dimple in either rosy cheek.

"My Princess," he breathed.

"You were so long, I thought you were never coming," she said.

And the old apple-tree rustled its leaves and sighed, but it had wafted the sweet dream into its dear companion's head, and it was all it could do, for its other little playmate would never come there again.

Thos. C. Pears, Jr.

Song

I wandered lonely in a vale
Where heather, fern and hawthorne grew
And every gentle wind that blew
Was singing songs, my love of you
And many an ancient tale.

And as I paused a fitful breeze
Blown upward from the dell below
Brought strains of music soft and low
And swayed the daisies to and fro
And quivering aspen leaves

Here where the yellow violets play
Beneath the whispering green-wood tree,
Come, Come my love and walk with me
Forever singing joyously,
Forever and a day.

J. A. Muller

The Queen's Tragedy

HE was brown and lean with a high nose and the steely glint in his eyes softened wondrously as they turned upon the lady.

"Quick, let us drag him out of sight and cover all these bloody clouts lest thou be taken for killing the King's deer."

"Nay, sweetest lady, have no fear for me. I hold the King's own leave for three deer each month and yonder is my first since Lammas-tide. Natheless, I thank thee for thy kind concern in keeping back these ravening dogs from spoiling head and hide, which I would fain give to thee as an offering to the nymph of this bosquet." And his bold eye sought hers in lively admiration for the roses and lilies of her fair face. Her dark lashes swept down in not ill-pleased confusion and there was an ominous softness in her rebuking answer.

"Fair sir, I am no nymph but only an humble lady-in-waiting upon the Queen's majesty of this demesne."

His wide humorous mouth broke into a frank smile which showed again the strong white teeth.

"Nay then, an thou art in very truth a mortal maid and in no danger of vanishing away toward, I will e'en make so bold as to beg that thou and I may make sweet cheer in these groves and dells for a short space. For full well I wot thy lady, the Queen, comes not hither for many days and surely it is fated that thou and I should—" He stopped short, for Assalide, being unused to such speech, had drawn herself up to her full height and flashed him a look that would have blasted any but a fool or a king.

"Sir," she said, "I know not what manner of man thou art that darrest thus to address me. I—I—," but she could go no further for he stood before her, his composure regained, laughing full in her face, the very picture of some

woodland god, his hands on his lean hips and his head thrown back.

Out of all countenance she clenched her hands and strove in vain to summon again her queenly haughtiness. But there was a something in that laugh of his that gave her pause and, despite herself, her stern face relaxed and there she was, all in a moment, asking his pardon for her churlish behaviour to a courteous stranger. She was quick to note the change in him. The corners of his humorous mouth dropped and the mirthful gleam in his eyes gave place to a far different look.

"Nay, fair sweet friend," quoth he, "'tis I who am the churl, but indeed no mortal man could be blamed for wishing to see thee again, and if I took not the most pleasing way to come at my desire 'twas that I am more accustomed to dream of ladies than to address them, and my thoughts fly fast, outdistancing both time and reason, and I crave thy pardon for aught I may have said that would offend thee."

He made as though to shoulder the stag and take his leave, but she bethought herself that she had come to this place for no other purpose than to see him and to talk with him, for who but the King could be so brave and so masterful, and yet so courtly and gentle withal. So 'twas, "Go not thus in anger and leave me alone in—," but he was laughing again in open triumph.

"Ah, my lady, where now is all thy scorn and misprisement? See 'tis blown away as down from a withered thistle. Sit ye down now and I will tell thee what manner of man I am and how I dare address thee in fashion which seems to thee so free. Wilt listen for a while?"

In two minds Assalide sank slowly to the ground beside the white marble seat and the stranger flung his great length on the sward, while the dogs sat one on either hand and looked on with grave eyes and foolish, lolling

tongues. The man rolled over, and, taking his bearded chin between his hands, fastened his blue eyes on her till she flushed warmly and then, in the manner of one discoursing some old romance, he told of a lonely youth in an old grey castle, with a broken war-horse, a couple of limping hounds, a draggled hawk or two and for sole human company a mad harper who did naught but sing of Helen of Troy, of King Oedipus who wedded with his own mother, of Sir Bevis of Hamtoun, of King Arthur and of Orlando. He told of his days of dreaming as he sat polishing bits of rusty mail, his visions of great battles or of grim and lonely encounters with dragons and evil giants, of his imagined rescues of fair maidens, whose charms he sung in imitation of the old harper; of his growing prowess with all knightly weapons under the stern hand of the same old tyrant, who, for all his madness, handled sword or spear like some paladin of old. Finally he told how one night as he sat by the fire in the great ruined hall the dreadful old man came with a hugh sword slaving and screaming that he was that mad Tristan of Lyonesse and saw before him the traitor Melot, how he arose in fear, with naught but a stout cudgel to defend him, and the madman, laughing horribly, severed this in twain. So then he, being but a youth, turned and fled and the other pursued not for long but broke off to moan over the severed cudgel, and he continued on his way into the wide world. Much more he told and Assalide saw that he could sway her mood at will though she believed but little of his weird tale, since how might such things befall a king? Indeed she asked him, smiling, were they a true history or but told but for diversion. This did not discompose him for he laughed again and said she might take them as she would, and he proceeded to weave still more wondrous tales, all tending to show how he had done and experienced all things save love and ending at last that in sooth his heart had remained

free till he saw a girl in a fair scarlet cloak on a September morn and—, here again she rose haughtily and turned away and when she looked around he was gone, and there was naught but his laughter ringing in her ears and the stag's blood on the green sward to make her sure that her fantastic companion was more than a figment of her brain.

She walked slowly back to le Viel Castel and sat musing for a long while, then sent one of her girls for Roger Blake's description of King Jaufre which she had had done out on fair parchment. This she read again, and point by point compared the lean, brown huntsman with the presentment of the King, and her recollections seemed to make the face and figure of King Jaufre stand out upon that parchment as if pictured there by some clever monk, and her color came and went as she thought of the light in his clear eyes and the lithe strength of his body as he swung the great buck on his shoulders ere he went.

That night Assalide had a wondrous vision which helped her be sure that high things were to come of this venture of hers though it left her sore puzzled and not a little awed. She dreamed that she sat among the clouds at a great height above the earth, yet not so high but that she could see, lying on a carpet of fair grass, and hid to all, except from far above, a precious gem flashing in the rare rays of the sun. Even as she looked a ger-falcon, with a crown upon his head, came circling through the sky, and his keen eye fell upon the stone and he dropped to take it, but there swooped down also a wild eagle from his home on a desolate crag, likewise covetous of the stone and the two fought and struggled to have it in their talons and carry it off. For long neither could gain the advantage and the stone became scarred and scratched from the marks of their sharp claws. Then at last the eagle bethought him to take it in his beak and he was flying away in triumph but the stone rolled down into his throat and it choked up

his crop so that he fell dead to the ground, and a cloud came in between; and when it passed she saw again the falcon with the stone set in his crown and it had been cleaned and polished so that it gleamed and shone again as of old and to all it seemed perfect who saw it, but she remembered the brave eagle lying dead, and she became very sad and awoke with a heavy heart in the bright morning.

She spoke of her dream to no one and had little spirit to go down again into the garden, but go she did and walking toward the fountain of the Naiads and Tritons she saw her foresters stretched his length upon the sward by the marble bench where she had sat the day before. He seemed asleep and she trod lightly so as to come very near without arousing him but as she bent over him with parted lips and hand outstretched he sprang to his feet and with a grand air took that hand and kissed it with warm lips. Her eyes battled with his for an instant as he straightened up, and in that brief look she recognized him for her lover, aye and her master too. So she smiled gravely upon him and let him keep her hand and draw her down upon the marble seat and waited—for what? Ah for that slow, long laugh of his which she knew would surely come, and when it did she leaned back content and turned her face up for his pleasure.

Then she told him of her dream and he laughed again and bade her dread naught and she, feeling the strength of his long arms, put away her fears and made herself a sweet taskmaster to him, bidding him cheer her soul with song and story.

So they were lovers in the grand old garden for many days, and from day to day Assalide put off telling him that she was the Queen, partly for that, at times, his talk made her near sure that he had come upon her secret and he seemed content to let matters rest as they were. Then too it was sweet to have him there all her own and she had

little joy in the thought of going back to the court, of receiving his formal wooing and seeming to deliberate and finally consent, with all their courtiers gossiping and winking and spying upon them wherever they might go.

So they made sweet cheer, even as he had wished that first day, in the glens and dales of the forest and the soul of Assalide sang for joy as she thought of their future, after the tiresome formal wooing was past and they two should reign, as never king and queen had reigned before over her fair and beauteous realm.

But then one night came Roger Blake in hot haste from Vic with messages from the councillors that King Jaufre his ambassador was waxing impatient at her so long delay. So next morn she went to her tryst with graver face and a more stately mien. Her coldness was to be seen in the greeting she gave her lover and his eager kisses met no true response from her. It hurt her to break out of this web of romance which he had woven about them and being somewhat ashamed at her loss of what she conceived her true queenly dignity, she put on more than the case demanded.

"'Tis time, my lord," quoth she, "that all this mummery cease. Thou and I have other duties than to sit here in the garden with naught but idle fancies of moon and stars and one another in our heads and on her lips. I am a great Queen and thou a mighty, puissant King, not the wild troubadour and feather-headed lass we have been seen this long time."

"Indeed, heart of mine, I would I were that mighty king to set thee up on a throne for all the world to see and wonder at, but what means this strange mood of thine on so fair and bright a morn?"

A bit impatient of his foolery she answered sharply. "What boots it longer to act out the farce? You find me fair and I see thee a fit and worthy mate. Shall we not

be happy then in the station where God hath placed us? Last night came messages from court that thine ambassador waxes impatient and it is high time we come to a formal settlement and announce our betrothal to our subjects and liegemen."

Then at last he saw that she spoke sooth and his face went white on a sudden and he fell upon his knees.

"No king am I, sweet Queen, but only a forester such as thou seest me, but I am no churl neither, yet like a churl and a fool I have done. Ah! God—" More he would have said but she stopped him.

"Thou—art—not—the—King? But they told me—, thy face, thy figure—, thy—."

She drew back from him, her face white as his own and her hands clenched upon her breast. He rose as one blinded, groping with his hands, and at last steadied himself with a great effort. Assalide was muttering brokenly again and yet again, "Thou art not the King? God—he is not the King!" Then she covered her face with her hands and neither of them spoke word for some space, until the Queen's hands dropped lifelessly to her sides and she raised her eyes to his face.

He stood facing her, his feet wide apart, his head thrown back much as he had done that first day by the fountain, but the face of him was not the same Assalide had seen laughing at her among the leaves of the garden. In some manner he had suddenly changed, there had come hard, bitter lines about his mouth and a hint of something well-nigh harsh and cynical came into his voice as he spoke to her.

"My Lady hadst thou bade thy grooms to lash me from thy presence with whips ere ever I had laid bare my heart to thee it had been a mercy beside this. God's life! Is the love of a man so small a thing that one may cast it in the scales against the pleasure of an idle hour." Then as he caught the appeal in the Queen's eyes and the wist-

ful quiver of her lip, the truth of it all broke upon him like a great wave from the sea and he fell upon his knees before her.

"Mother of God! Thou lovest me, thou lovest me even as I am. Sweet my lady, speak to me."

Assalide wavered for an instant, her heart cried out, like a wounded thing, for life and that greatest of all life's guerdons, love. But against this cry of her heart rose that old inborn pride of her race, the pride of kings, choking it, crushing it, till it might not pass her lips. In defiance of herself she drew back and leaned against the trunk of the fair great oak behind her. Her face was like a mask as she answered, "Nay, an I have done thee a great wrong, God pardon me, but surely I love thee not. Go, go!"

He made as if to grasp her hands once more but in a flash she was gone, speeding like a deer, away among the winding alleys of the garden.

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

K. Sawyer Goodman.

Donald Cuyler Vaughan.

Gratitude

Over the fields of chill November lay
A dusky shroud, for through the sky were spread
Great leaden clouds; the very world seemed dead,
Save for the wind that, shouting, sprang away
And bowed the helpless trees. A mellow ray
Of sunshine touched the fields, the darkness fled
And from the grass a cheerful bird-song sped
That woke my heart to pleasant thoughts of May.

So may we live our lives with grateful heart
Till like this cheerful bird our lips shall sing
In thanks for simple blessings—sunshine, life,
And love, and for the chance to do our part.
Thus may our song along life's roadside bring
Some joy to those whose way seems dark with strife.

Tertius van Dyke.

Metempsychosis

My soul has flown out with the birds;
My heart is deep within the wood;
My mind with pleading thoughts, like words
In begging, will not be withstood.

For it is sore ahungered now
Within the city's narrow thralls,
That can, within its scope, allow
No room for God inside its walls.

And wand'ring just a step outside
A little shepherd lad comes near
With kindred spirit to my side:
"More room, Sir, isn't there, out here?"

Ay, yes, more room, as when we lose
Our sordid selves in His embrace,
Where ideal manhood will not bruise
Its wings, nor, fettered fall from Grace.

Howard Beck Reed.

Aftermath

EVENING SONG

Bright Day is slow entangled
In shadowy Evening's maze,
Bewildered, lost, she mingles
With twilight's purple haze.

And now Sweet Day has left me
Alone long darksome hours
Yet look—far sky fields greet thee,
Bedecked with starry flowers.

LaFayette Lentz Butler.

IDLE THOUGHTS—ON READING

"Reading maketh a full man." So does wine. Judicious reading is beneficial—so is judicious wine-drinking. But, as too much wine leads to intoxication and oblivion, so does too much reading cause, in some cases, pedantry, in others, a kind of intellectual stagnation, and in still others, an almost complete ignorance of the subject treated. Who has not seen men who have read to such an extent that their heads are filled, not with useful ideas, neatly labeled and filed away in the pigeon holes of the brain, ready for instant use when needed, but only with a great mass of uncoordinated impressions, unavailable for any serious use? Such is the effect of the abuse of reading.

For reading to be of any lasting benefit, the subjects

treated of must be of a kind suited to both the capabilities and the preferments of the reader. To a certain chosen few, mathematics are a lasting source of delight. To others, the extended pursuit of the eternal x is wearisome. At the other extreme, a large portion of the reading public goes into extasies over the departures and loves of the heroes and heroines of the modern novel. There is nothing strange in that. Everyone to his taste and tastes differ. In that very difference lies the chief proof of the folly of attempting to say to anyone; "This thou shalt read and that shalt thou shun." The devotee of astronomy or the tireless pursuer of the unattainable x cannot be made to enjoy the records of the swashbuckling exploits of cavaliers or the long, smooth reaches of Scott's narrative, where the action is hopelessly buried in an avalanche of words, nor can the ordinary mortal read Blackstone and the philosophers sympathetically.

So do not turn in horror from the newsboy and his dime novel. If your dinner partner does not admire Pope, try Kipling and perhaps you will find a kindred spirit. Only bores and fools try to force their own beliefs on others. Live and let live is as good a maxim in reading as in anything else. But above all, do not read too much.

Stirling Morton.

GENTLEMEN OF FRANCE

Well, gentlemen, we're trapped at last,
 Mon dieu ! perhaps its well
 That dice and wine and fighting's past —
 But curse these hounds of hell !
 We'll ride no more to mellow horn
 We'll press warm lips no more,
 For all life lies behind, this morn,
 And one last fight before.

Now shoulder press'd to shoulder, lads,
Swords high, eyes straight and true.
Ride hard, strike sure, fight clean, my men,
That's all we've left to do—
For swords have shone and sung, lads,
And swords will shine and sing.
We'll fight one fight, swords flashing bright,
For France, our God, our King!

They're coming, lads, and we must part,
We'll die as Frenchmen should —
A smile on lips, a toast in heart,
We'll pledge it soon in blood :
Though death's ahead at last, lads,
We'll meet it with heads high,
We're gentlemen of France, *our* France,
We'll die as Frenchmen die.

Thomas J. Durell.

THE TWO POINTS OF VIEW

The man of the world was sitting in the library deeply interested in the columns of the evening paper. The library door opened gently and a curly head peeped in and, noticing no sign of displeasure from behind the newspaper, a little girl slipped noiselessly into the room and sat down in the big arm chair by the fire. After a few minutes had elapsed and there was still no sound from the newspaper the little girl leaned over and took a magazine from the table beside her, and settled back comfortably in her chair to examine the pictures scattered through the pages. At last she paused before one picture and gazed at it with evident interest. Then she drew a deep breath and sighed audibly. Still there was no disturbance behind the newspaper. So the little girl slipped from the chair and advanced hesitatingly toward the man.

"You couldn't tell me a story about this picture, could

you, Father?" she pleaded climbing up on his lap and gently pulling the newspaper from his hand.

"But I have to run over to the club in a few moments, my dear, and I want to finish this paper," replied the man.

"Oh, but this is such a lovely picture, and you could make *such* a nice story about it, and anyway the newspaper isn't a bit nice. Now won't you, *please*?" The little girl climbed up on the arm of the chair and put her face close to the man's.

"Well, well," said he not unkindly, "I suppose I'll try, but I can only stay five minutes."

The little girl's face broke into dimples and she handed him the magazine with the picture in it and settled herself comfortably with her curly head resting on the man's shoulder.

The man took the magazine and looked at the picture. There was nothing striking about it. It was merely a picture showing a woman crossing the street. In the background a shabbily dressed man was stooping to pick up something in the road.

"Well," said the man at last, "this lady that you see in the picture is a very rich lady. You see how well she is dressed — all laces and satins? Well, she's just been down town shopping for material for a new dress. She took her purse with her when she started and then when she was walking home she dropped this purse without noticing it. This man that you see in the picture is a thief. He saw the lady drop the purse and now he's picking it up and he's going to run away and spend the money —

"But what's a thief?" interrupted the little girl.

"A thief's a man that takes something that doesn't belong to him."

"Oh but I don't like *that* kind of a story," said the little girl with a frown. "I'll tell you how *I* think it ought to be. This lady is a beautiful princess. You see she's much

more beautiful than the picture 'cause they couldn't make that pretty enough. And she lives in a golden palace and has lots and lots of thing — oh, horses and carriages and lovely pictures and all sorts of things. And that man over there is a prince. He's got on those old clothes 'cause the king wouldn't let any princes come to the palace, the princess was so beautiful you know that he was afraid some of them would marry her. And this prince saw the princess one day and she was so good and beautiful that he wanted to marry her. So he put on those old clothes and got in the palace yard to be gardener's helper. Then one day the Princess went out to walk in the garden — you can't *see* any flowers in the picture, but you can 'magine that — and she dropped her glove, and now the Prince is picking it up and he'll bring it to her and then they'll get married and the king'll say: 'bless you my children' and — and, oh, what is it you say?" The little girl's eyes were shining with excitement now.

"They lived happily ever after" suggested the man.

"Yes, that's right," cried the little girl clapping her hands, "they lived happily ever after."

"There now," said the little girl nestling contentedly back on the man's shoulder, "isn't that a nice story?"

"Yes," said the man, "that was ever so much better than mine."

But the little girl was too young to notice how earnestly he spoke.

Tertius van Dyke.

THE GOLDEN CHAIR

Old Books, — Old Friends! Do they think we have forgotten them? They need not, for they will always be as dear to us as those that have come after them. They are

friends of childhood, and their place will still be first ; for old friends are best after all. How pleasant it is to meet again the boon companions of earlier years ! Yet, are they quite unchanged ? But the friendship of books is as sacred as that of childhood, and our books will always be the same.

In those earlier years we held with timid finger-tips the first link of that golden chain which binds itself closer and closer about our hearts and lives. Those were the days when we first met Lord Fauntleroy ; when the tale of the Prince and the Pauper brought tears to our eyes, and the adventures of Jimmy Brown brought the sunshine back again. And Sweet William ! Most lovable of all ! A true little gentleman in those rough and ready times. Robin Hood, Men of Iron, Otto of the Silver Hand ! Together with these comes to mind remembrance of a little boy, who to this day, when he is sick, loves to hear the hand-organ play outside the open window. For it was then that he loved best to hear the old grind-organ play ; and many a time these stories, read to him then, aided in his recovery. And *Ivanhoe* was the best beloved of all until — they made him parse it in school. Think of it, parsing *Ivanhoe* ! Sweet William, Robin Hood, Men of Iron, *Ivanhoe*, Sweet William ! Strange blending this of gentleness and hardy yeoman spirit ; chivalric deeds, the pomp of war and gentleness again : these formed the sacred golden ring.

The ring has not been broken. It has been laid aside for a while in the jewelled casket of memory. And should the little boy fall sick again, he would ask for nothing better than to have his window opened on the summer, night, and to let the strains of the old organ float up across the illuminated pages of the adventures of Much the Miller's son and Little John. Involuntarily he stretches out his hand to the casket whose lid is slightly ajar. From it peeps a golden chain, the links of poetry and romance.

Many and varied they are and have drawn out longer and longer as the years have glided by.

Mellow golden links, we press you each and every one as tenderly as if you were a baby's hand. How many of you there be! Some, deep and rich as a full-toned bell; some, plain and sincere as a wedding ring; and some sparkling and bright with the joy of life, reflecting the rays of the sun.

Thomas Clinton Pears, Jr.

Editorial

For a long time, and especially since Princeton has become a University, there has been a need for some medium of communication, unofficial but responsible, between the Faculty or Board of Trustees and the undergraduate body. Many questions of policy have arisen which concerned the governing of the University and upon which the Faculty

The Senior Society. would have been glad to have known the general sentiment. The only feasible way to accomplish this was for the President or the Dean to select two or three men whom they considered recognized leaders, and talk the matter over with them. This means was at best unsatisfactory. Though the selection were a perfectly judicious one it could not be comprehensive enough in point of mere numbers to be truly representative. The men summoned not only did not feel authorized to speak and act for their fellows but they were not always free to express even their own opinions, because they had little opportunity for discussion or for really forming any definite ideas upon the point under consideration. Then too there was no sure way in which the decision arrived at could be spread generally among the undergraduates in case it were desirable that the matter should not come directly and officially from the Faculty.

Last spring it was decided to attempt to solve this difficulty in such a way as to bring Faculty and students into closer touch and to facilitate an exchange of views upon any subject in which it was fitting that the latter should have a voice. To this end a society was formed whose aim was to include in its membership a sufficient number of men from the Senior class as should, by virtue of their prominence in the

various phases of recognized undergradute activity, be considered to be fairly representative of the consensus of sane undergraduate opinion. A second but also very important object of this society was to furnish a sort of honor roll order of merit for the recognition of men who have obtained positions of responsibility or honor in the undergraduate world and so set the seal of approval of the previous class upon their successors in these positions. This, it is hoped, will stimulate men to continue their efforts in all lines of activity through junior year and not lie down, so to speak, either in triumph or disgust, after the upper class club elections, as is sometimes the tendency.

Before this project was in any way made public it was laid before the President, the Dean, and several prominent graduates and members of the Board of Trustees and after a thorough discussion of the whole matter it received their full sanction and heartiest endorsement. This approval obtained, a prospectus and part of the provisional constitution of the Society was published in the *Princetonian* at commencement time, and the plan received the ratification of the Senior class at a recent meeting.

While far from wishing to lay themselves open to a charge, from the standpoint of either Faculty or undergraduates, of attempting to "run the University," the members of such an organization, working in unison, can unquestionably wield a great influence in many departments of University life. it is the expressed policy of the administration to make the undergraduates self-governing in so far as is right and judicious and it has been found that the surest means of correcting any abuse is to direct against it the powerful force of general and active disapprobation. It was in this way that the custom of Freshman painting and the more objectionable forms of "horsing" were suppressed and to this same element of public opinion we owe our Honor System in examinations.

This new Society, by the nature of its personnel, is peculiarly fitted to unify, express and, in a measure, direct public sentiment and also to receive and disseminate some of the wishes and decisions of the Faculty in the shortest possible time and the most effective way. There are many objectionable conditions at present existing in Princeton which, if they be not shortly regulated by the students themselves, will become so great a menace as to necessitate action being taken by the Faculty. Prominent among these is the vexed question of underclass eating clubs and Sophomore hat lines which could with benefit and propriety be discussed by this Society, whose recommendation of some reasonable course of action should carry great weight.

The worst features of the present underclass eating-club system are the too early and too dominant importance given to political and club affairs in the eyes of Freshmen, and the almost universally poor quality of the food provided and the correspondingly exorbitant price demanded for it. The University Commons failed on account of the hesitancy of men to desert the established hat lines and the inadequacy of the accommodations for separate clubs. Any solution of this question must be the result of a careful consideration from all standpoints and a concerted and successful attack upon all the difficulties.

There are many other important matters which could be advantageously handled by this Society and it has the opportunity to make itself one of the most useful and honored of Princeton institutions. Whether the most will be made of this opportunity depends upon the energy and capability of its members during this year and upon their sagacity and strength of judgment in selecting their successors.

Gossip

November is with us again and in conjunction with November comes naturally the idea of football. The main topic of campus conversation is football, the newspapers are full of football, even the President has recently dipped into the question of football. It is therefore hardly necessary to apologize for devoting these few pages, usually given up to ordinary tittle-tattle, to the discussion of some few points in connection with our great collegiate game. The Gossip is not any better, if indeed he is as well acquainted with the fine points of the game as nine-tenths of the enthusiastic students who fill the grandstands. However the Gossip admires the general theory of the game and admires even more the men who are able to go through the grinding work "and make the team." This admiration may come less from common sense than from the primal fighting instinct common to almost all young men, which breeds a strong prejudice in favor of those among them who are endowed with exceptional physical development and the thing called grit or nerve. In this light it may not be a very high, lasting, or wide reaching admiration, but, be this as it may, it is certainly strong enough to arouse very intense interest. Of the many recent articles bearing upon football, that by Mr. R. D. Paine in the November Century seems to be a very fair example of the interest aroused by the recent controversies in connection with the game. Mr. Paine is very moderate in his expression. There is nothing rabid or sensational in his article. He gives us a very clear picture of the contrast between the English and the American collegiate football games and methods, between sport for sport's sake, and sport for the sake of winning. The evident point being that in America a business is made of training up a small body of men to a high point of excellence in a game so exacting that it bars out the mass of men of average development, while in England everybody in fair physical trim joins in to a certain extent, and the 'Varsity Blues of Oxford and Cambridge are simply survivals of the fittest. In many ways English collegiate athletics sound more attractive than those of America and this is because they are run more on the plan of our field and water sports, such as golf, tennis, and small boat race sailing. In so far at least as the spirit is concerned it is a spirit of keen nervy individuality, not the spirit of concentrated team work,

necessary to turn out a winning football team in this country. But I doubt if there is any form of undergraduate effort which so effectually welds together the entire student body into a single-minded whole, temporarily at least, as does our American intercollegiate football. Anything which can so entirely wipe out all minor class, club and personal distinctiveness cannot fail to make for much ultimate good, which would be lost if the game were handled in a less serious way. Even baseball falls far short in this and yet baseball work and even track work is animated by the same intense desire to win and the same seriousness of purpose among the men who take part. Football requires a greater amount of moral support from the bleachers, greater enthusiasm to spur on the energies of the energies of the players; and as a game it seems to be able to bring forth this enthusiasm in answer to the need. The greatest good to be derived from the game, to the Gossip's mind, lies in this stimulation of healthy enthusiasm. The American boy craves and needs this perhaps more than the young Englishman; and considering this from an undergraduate point of view, it would seem that football played to a sensible degree under existing conditions fulfils a function which it might fail to fulfil under conditions of play and interest similiar to those in England. There seems to be a field for some form of team-play game less exacting in its physical requirements, yet having sufficient dash and spirit to attract the average boy or young man. If such a game could be properly introduced and exploited and merit in playing it sufficiently recognized among American colleges and in the newspapers, which if not more than anything tend else to set an undue value upon "football reputation," many of the evils now existing would probably die natural deaths. Football cleansed of its useless brutality, as it will undoubtedly be to a certain extent by an observance of the rules dependent upon personal honor, and stripped of its professional coaches, will become more essentially a gentleman's game. Take from it a little of its added glamour by giving men proficient in it no greater prominence than the leaders in any other clean spirited out-of-door sport and another advance would be made. Inaugurate an honor system among the leading colleges, with regard to the eligibility rules, under which a man's simple word backed by the word of his organization, shall be sufficient proof of his standing, and make the violation of such a pledge mean as in our own Honor System for examinations: expulsion from college. And one of the greatest causes of continual bicker and hard feeling would fade into nothingness.

Editor's Table

It is of course impossible to compare the immature work of college men with our present day popular literature. It would be both unfair and a waste of time, yet, since these very college men may in all probability be the writers of the future, it perhaps will be profitable, not indeed to make such a comparison but to consider the place to which we may assign the college story.

When, then, we come to look critically at the average tale in our college journals, the point which strikes us most forcibly is its simplicity. The narrative is not involved; the characters are not complex and this is as it should be, for it shows that the writers realize their own limitation and are not tempted to plunge beyond their depth. To change the figure, they are trying the wings of their Pegasi, (Is Pegasi the plural?) which are not yet full fledged. Now and then, to be sure, we stumble upon some bolder flight of fancy, but as a rule such attempts are too ambitious, and from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step.

Another thing which we notice in our college magazines is the lack of so-called problem stories, which, perhaps, is remarkable, considering the present tendency toward morbid psychological novels. It is however, simply another proof of the desire of college writers to keep within limit. This desire on their part for simplicity must be commended. They are making out of college magazines that for which they are primarily intended—namely, training schools in which men may learn to write, beginning with easy tasks and working up to harder, more difficult, more complex undertakings. Thus we see what the place of the college story is. It is not an imitation of popular literary methods. It is a literary apprenticeship, a first writer so to speak, from which college men are learning the simpler tasks.

"Old Walls, Old Wines," in the Harvard Monthly for October, is a delightful bit of writing. The author succeeds in conveying to his readers an idea of the dreamy old-fashioned air which invests the castle he is describing.

The Wellesley Magazine contain several good things this month. "How That Not Many Men After the Flesh" is a well written

story and shows careful work. "Concerning the Bishop" is at tale of no little interest and hinges on a well conceived situation. The dialect which is scattered through it however, is not very natural. But the most remarkable piece in the magazine is "The Masque of Beauty," a kind of writing which is not often attempted now-a days. The author is equal to her task, however, and there are many fine passages in the form.

"Beyond the Little Death" in the Stanford Sequoia is a powerful story of the Canadian Forest. There are effective bits of description in it, and the author seems to catch the spirit of the woods.

We were greatly disappointed in the contents of this month's "Touchstone." Most of the stories are crude and immature and the form "Pictures in the Smoke" is almost painful. The best thing in the number is the first form "A Memory."

"Byron the Jungle Man" in the Yale Literary Magazine is a good example of an interesting essay. There are many striking expressions in it and, while the style, perhaps, may be a trifle too flowery, it is smooth and easy to read. The essay is a college department much respected by our college magazines. May we have more like this.

Book Talk

To those who have read *The Masquerader*, *THE GAMBLER*, Mrs. Thurston's latest book will come as a surprise, differing as it does, in every essential feature, from its predecessor. Its tone is more thoughtful, its characters more fully drawn, its style more restrained, not so "slap-dash," as the critic has aptly labelled the former book. And yet there are some things which are distinctly disappointing. Clodagh Asshlin, the heroine, is all that could be expected of such a beautiful, high-spirited girl, except that she lacks the peculiar winsomeness, which her younger sister so abundantly possesses, and which makes Nance come dangerously near eclipsing the heroine. The gambling passion with which Clodagh is obsessed arouses interest in the plot, but little sympathy for her. She does not seem to want it. In other words she is interesting as the central figure in a very intense plot, but Nance, while a secondary figure, is the *deus ex machina*, who by her simple love is quite irresistible.

In much the same way Sir Walter Gore, with his high ideals and pure influences, stirs up scarcely half as much admiration in the reader as the author takes for granted, and yet, after showing a woeful lack of the constancy of a pure and lasting affection, he is allowed to win one of the most popular heroines of the year. Mrs. Thurston has worked in some beautiful descriptions of Ireland without in the least detracting from the interest of the above criticisms, will prove of great interest to everyone who is capable of appreciating the spirit of a passionate girl gambler. (*The Gambler*. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. New York: Harper & Co. \$1.50.)

It was with delight that we received recently a small volume containing two speeches of George McDuffie. The "Orator of Nullification" is not as well known by us as he was by our grandfathers, and we are the losers by this lack of knowledge. Nearly three-quarters of a century have passed since these speeches were delivered, one in the House of Representatives in 1825, the other in Charleston, S. C., in 1840, but age has not dimmed the clearness of their logic or quenched the passionate flames of their eloquence. They still live in the written page and bring before us vivid pictures

of the most potent political period in the history of our nation. (Speeches of George McDuffie. Columbia, S. C.: The State Publishing Co.)

THE FOOL ERRANT, by Maurice Hewlett, is the story of the absurdly romantic passion which a wealthy young Englishman, studying in Italy, conceives for the pretty Siennese wife of his grotesque old tutor. After a fracas with her husband, our hero follows his lady through many marvellous and humorous adventures only to find his idol has feet of clay and that he has been ignoring the true worth of one who has supported and befriended him in all his wanderings. The best features of the book are its exquisite humor, its wonderfully realistic atmosphere, and the characters, remarkably vividly drawn, of Virginia Strozzi, the heroine, and Fra Palamone, a rogue-priest. (The Fool Errant. New York: Macmillan.)

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